POEMFORTHEDAY....
Processed by corrupt PHARMACEUTICALS like AstraZENECA and Pfizer and GlaxoSmithKline (to name but a few) whose SUNSHINE LIST CEOs she SLEPT with over at MaRS DISCOVERY DISTRICT....

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He knew - $CAMH SUPERSTAR Trixie Sane said stupid things and LIED a LOT. It was pathological. She was sick....
So he thought he'd give her a second chance.

He went to White Squirrel Way. He stepped onto the sidewalk. He walked UP the sidewalk....
He did NOT feel PART OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, which might have been just as well, the NEIGHBOURHOOD being entirely OVER-PRICED BUTT-UGLY CONDOS and CLIP-JOINT GALLERIES with a few former WELFARE HOTELS converted to ART BARS....
But it WASN'T - because $CAMH was EVEN WORSE - MUCH WORSE....

He did NOT feel welcome, which in a way was just as well, too - he didn't want to feel WELCOME in a DEAD ZONE - which is what it was.
He was surrounded by ugly glass and concrete buildings - typical CORPORATE MUSSOLINI - glinting in the hot sun across a parched vacant lot. There were obnoxious "NO SMOKING" signs everywhere, and street signs with the names of long dead and deservedly forgotten SHRINKS.

High above, in monumentally large letters, was a sign reading "BELL GATEWAY BUILDING" - BELL being a notoriously obnoxious and monopolistic entity, GATEWAY to HELL, he thought....
BIG BEEFY SECURITY GOONS started BARKING at him "SIR! SIR!" - he knew it was bad when some $CAMH NAZI HIRELING called HIM sir - so he kept going.

Part of the NEIGHBORHOOD? So was AUSCHWITZ....

(As for her token CAFÉ job - she should've tried it HERSELF. SHE WOULDN'T HAVE CUT IT....
She could SHOVE it!)